

ON PRESENTATION OF A TEA POT, NOVEMBER 15th, 1903.

PATERSON, N. J.

Kind Friends,

Knowing that speeches as a rule, and particularly after dinner ones, are boring, makes me somewhat averse to saying anything but it would seem hardly proper to let this memorable visit of the "A. T.'s", pass without comment, and so I take this occasion to address a few remarks to our host.

Mr. Coburn, Christian gentleman and good fellow:-

There are moments

in our lives which looking back upon, stand out more prominently than the rest, say like a glowing landscape silhouetted against a cloudy sky. These are usually joyous moments for the painful ones, though hardest to endure, are most easily forgotten and this is as it should be. There are moments too, when we seem to have a sense of loneliness come over us - when we would be alone - away from turmoil and care, when we would retire into our innermost selves and erect a barrier against the outer world. On such occasions as these various natures seek various surroundings, the poet longs for trees and the babbling brook, the child of nature for fields and flowers, the student for his book, the connoisseur for his glass and others there be who find solace in a pipe. These moods usually come as we grow older, when we have got tired of worldly things and can say with Solomon, "All is Vanity", and remembering you as the years grow apace, thought that you too, at times, would murmur "Solitude is Sweet". And when the miaowing of the cat awakes no responsive chord in your soul, when the barking of the dog stirs not your spirit, when the shrieking of the birds fails to charm and the clucking of fowls in the barnyard fail to please, turn to this emblem of comfort

which is my honest pursuit of five years' fruit
consolation in its refreshing thought.

As if
Mr. Coburn & I
the only ones
of today know
what it stands for
of all our friends

Address for Mother's Day ~~This is for the children of~~

As most of us know "Mother's Day" was originated by a lady in the United States. Her name was Miss Anna Jarvis and she lived in Philadelphia. This was in the year 1910 just forty one years ago. She thought so much of her own mother that she believed it would be a fine thing if a day was set apart for everyone to honor their mothers in some way. She wrote a letter to the President of the United States and asked him if a Sunday in May could be known all over the States as Mother's Day. That was finally arranged and the custom soon spread. In Canada as well we set aside one Sunday to observe Mother's Day. I wonder if we all realize the great debt of love we owe to our mothers. Those whose mothers are still alive can honor them with gifts such as flowers. Others whose mothers have passed to the great beyond can recall memories of their mother and wear a white carnation in her honor emblematic of the Purity, Beauty and Fidelity of a Mother's love. In honor of those Mothers who are still living a red carnation is worn. Mother's Day is necessarily a day of deep feeling to look back over the years that are past and remember all the acts of kindness our mothers have done for us. Who takes care of us when we are ill. Why Mother of course. The children would certainly be surprised if Mother refused to come and look after them. Who washes and dresses us when we are small. Why Mother. I can just imagine the boys and girls in front of me thinking how funny it is to ask such questions. There is no doubt at all in their minds what mothers are for. To be at home to take care of them. So much is taken for granted by the child. No matter who is hurt Mother can always make them better. When a child gets into mischief it is usually Mother who smooths things over and makes everything easier for the culprit. A child's life without a mother is a very sad one almost always. Of course there are exceptions, when the father takes the place of mother in the child's affections and love and care of the child. Still mothers have a natural gift of understanding everyone of their children, different to anyone else. There are so many things I would like to mention to the ~~children~~ so will just say a few words in conclusion for the Mothers who are with us to-day. The Mothers of a Nation determine the quality of that Nation. Looking back in History we can readily recognise how true this was in Pioneer Days, and because of this the Pioneer Mother has already won a high place in our affections and respect. But there are among us to-day many Pioneer Mothers who are even now moving forward

into unexplored continents of human Endeavor with a courage as dauntless
as that manifest by the Mothers of an earlier generation. It is not too
soon to give these Mothers as contemporary pioneers, the support, respect
and affection to which their present contribution entitles them.
Some are leading us into ways of World Peace, others towards a
generation of sober, industrious and healthy manhood and
womanhood. Some of them are leading us towards the achievement
of the Kingdom of heaven among men. These are our Mothers of the our
children to-day and in these children they have the future in their
care. Let us then pay high tribute to the love, kindness, affection and
care they have shewn for us, and Thank God for giving us such
Mothers. I thank you. J. Jameson

Pyemoo Alberta.

This address was given to the Sunday School children in 1940.